But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Christ. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
S. Christ. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day, fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day, that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respit of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now *Margarets* curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloodie, and vsurping Boare,
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,
In your imboweld bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Isle,
Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we learne:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Heere pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field,
Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. *Norfolke*, come hither:
Norfolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, heere will I lye to night,